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Time of Dying (GoT FF)



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Chapter 1 by Phantim

He could hear them battering at the gates. The White Walkers were here. The combined house armies had fallen, and /their/ numbers had grown. There was no chance to escape the eternal winter now. That's why the remaining nobles were hurrying the preparation for the ritual. Would they have enough time, though?

"He is ready," Queen Daenerys said mournfully, holding down the head of her dragon.

"Good, I am sorry it has come to this," Tyrion said, placing a comforting hand on her waist.

Looking out over the icy visage of King's Landing. Jon truly realized, Winter was here. Walking away from the window, he can still hear the sounds of battle below. "I am ready as well... let's get this blood ritual over with."

"Yes, yes - of course," Varys said. "Everyone stand in the circle and I will begin. Maester Qybern, Melisandre - if you will assist me."

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